Ladies Choice

The chandeliers light The mirror's glance A shine not to bright An emotion of romance

Mighty mirrors reflect the nobles proud blood Golden chests contain the rich men wealth Sepulchral darkness surrounds the mind Lustrous silk hides the poor flesh

The one who got my favour, Already dressed in purple blood Our steps are leaving a red trail, In the circle of my dance

A green eyed men enters the hall His white skin awakes the red coloured dream Crackling tunes of breaking bones The warm liquid, it is my delight

The one who got my favour, Already dressed in purple blood Our steps are leaving a red trail, In the circle of my dance

The chandeliers light The mirror's glance A shine not to bright An emotion of romance

Voiceless screams surround my head My body fills with new life Renewing force flows through my veins Elated music supports the corpse dance

The one who got my favour, Already dressed in purple blood Our steps are leaving a red trail, In the circle of my dance

Darkwell